




# American Junior Red Cross

DECEMBER • 1961 



# ★ Christmas Forest

By Nora Burglon

Kind hearts, secrets, traditional food, and gifts make a warm season in a cold climate.

It was a few days before Christmas. In all of Sweden there were not another two as busy as Inga Brit and her brother, Johan.

This morning Inga Brit and her brother had been out upon the great stretch of bog, now frozen firm under a couple of feet of snow. They had returned with a bucket of rose hips each. In the summer the bog was quaky, so that no one could pick the wild roses that grew among the stone-crags.

When their mother saw the rose hips, she said, "Nipon, for nipon soup!" Because rose hips contain the same vitamins as oranges, Swedish mothers make rose hip soup in the winter so children will not catch colds.

Inga Brit and Johan shook their heads. "Our class promised the teacher that we would find people others might forget and give them a Christmas gift," Inga Brit began.

"We thought of Mor Stina," said Johan. "Each Christmas she used to ski over the bog and come back with a huge basket of nipon. She made garlands out of them and draped them about her front door."

"She had the loveliest doorway in the parish," their mother recalled. "And after Christmas she made soup out of the garlands."

"We thought that no one would think of Mor Stina now that she has moved to town, so we are giving these garlands to her," Inga Brit announced.

When the rose hips had been strung, the two glanced at the clock. "We have time to ski over to town and still be back by supper-time," Johan pointed out.

"Tonight?" the mother echoed. "Couldn't it wait until tomorrow?"

But the gift for Mor Stina was not the only reason the two had for going to town. The other reason was so big and important that they discussed it only in whispers.

The secret had begun when Willi-by-the-Vik (inlet) had asked the two if they cared to take charge of a big job he needed done.

His sheep had been up in the mountains during the fall, and their wool was full of burs. Johan and Inga Brit had cleaned up the sheep so nicely that Willi-by-the-Vik had given them fifty *ore* each. Together that

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ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES PONTER

made a *krona*. They meant to make a great investment with that money before the day was done—a Goteborg sausage!

It was a dried beef sausage which originated in the second largest city in Sweden, and was a tradition at Christmas time.

It was a costly treat. However, their father had always said: "Anytime Christmas comes to Sweden without finding some Goteborg sausage at our house, the country will be having mighty bad times." But only the week before, they had heard their father telling their mother that this Christmas there would be no Goteborg sausage at their house.

The two children, setting out for the village with their precious *krona* in Johan's coat

continued on next page



The wool was full of burs.

pocket, felt that this was a trip more important than getting a Christmas gift or two. To them it concerned the very fate of Sweden.

With Mor Stina's garlands in the basket, which Johan was carrying, the two sped off over the snow-drifts, flushed with excitement. However, when they reached the road which climbed the heights to where Pelly-on-the-Ridge lived, they found Stave-Maker Gustav sitting on his sleigh half-way up the hill. His horse was so old that he could seldom get to the top unless someone helped.

"All that Ole needs is a little encouragement," said Stave-Maker Gustav, as usual when Johan and his sister had helped push the stave-maker and his horse up the hill.

So the two pushed on the back of the sleigh, while Ole pulled with all his might up ahead. At length, Ole and the two children stood on the top of the hill. They exchanged congratulations and went on their way.

When the two reached the village, the stars were already out.

"What shall we do first," Inga Brit asked her brother, "go and call upon Mor Stina or buy father's sausage?"

"Oh, the sausage comes first," Johan thought. There was now the matter of getting the silver krona out of his pocket, so that the butcher might see that they were not "sniffing customers," but had come upon a mission as important as though they stood in logging boots and were six feet tall.

Johan had put the krona in his handkerchief, but now as he pulled the handkerchief

out, there was nothing in it. His heart missed a beat. "Inga Brit!" he exclaimed.

"You have not lost the money?" Inga whispered. She helped him search his pockets, but there was no krona to be found!

Then Inga Brit thought of Stave-Maker Gustav and his sleigh. "We must have lost it when we pushed the sleigh," she said.

The way that sleigh had zig-zagged up the hill and torn up the snow on both sides of the road, that krona would surely never be found by anyone again.

How dismal the fate of Sweden had become in that moment, it could never know. Both Johan and Inga Brit longed to sob out their disappointment sitting upon the stoop in front of the butcher's shop. If they came home with eyes red from weeping, their father would be certain to notice and want to know the reason why. If they had to tell him that they were a silver krona poorer than they need be, it would make him feel that Sweden was far worse off than it was.

Inga felt that she must lighten the load of remorse her brother felt. "Let us go inside and see what kind of sausage we would get if we still had that krona," she said.

They went inside, pausing right before the door to sniff the heavenly odor of Christmas by the barrelful. A regular forest of sausages hung down from the ceiling. What a wonderful forest in which to become lost!

"Sausage?" echoed the butcher. "Well, it is fine you brought such a big basket in which to carry it. In that way you can get

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**"I'll let you have the whole basketful for a sausage," Johan said.**

two or three sausage links. Perhaps more."

"How much could we get if we had a krona?" Inga Brit asked.

The butcher held his two fingers apart. "A piece about that wide," said he.

At just that moment, the butcher looked down into Johan's basket. "What have we here," he asked, "nipon-soup-on-the-string?"

"Garlands for decorating," said Johan. He took up a long string of rose hips and looped them from meat case to fish case.

The butcher let out a roar of enthusiasm at the pleasant effect the garland made.

"I'll let you have the whole basketful for a sausage," Johan offered.

The butcher reached up a hand into the forest of sausages and brought down a big one. "How's that?" he asked.

The sight of that sausage all but took their breath away. Never had they been so rich at their house that their father had felt he could invest in a loop of sausage as big and hefty as that one! Now that it was in their basket, they could scarcely wait to get home and share their adventure with their mother. And they wanted to make new garlands for Mor Stino.

Although it really made no difference now,

they told their mother about the silver krona they had lost.

"I wonder, Johan," their mother said thoughtfully, "if there could be a hole in the pocket of your coat?" She examined the coat. "Yes," said she, "there is a hole." Then she showed them that the money had only fallen down between the coat and the lining.

Joy filled the eyes of Johan and his sister. "How wonderful that I believed the money was gone." Johan rejoiced. "Otherwise we could never have brought home such a magnificent sausage for Christmas."

The two were once again whispering behind the cupboard door. They now had a silver krona to buy something for their mother for Christmas, too. "Citron and currants and raisins for the *Julkaka*," they decided.

Then it was time to start stringing more garlands. "Taking the garlands to Mor Stina's house is going to be another big adventure," Inga Brit pointed out to her brother.

That night as she was snuggling down in her bed, she said to her brother. "How thankful I am that we live in Sweden where Christmas is celebrated for twenty days." ★

These are some of the other children in our world. Like us, they love sunlight and singing days. They, too, like most of all to eat and play, to make new friends, to learn new things.

But life is not the same for many of them as it is for us. All live in different kinds of homes than we do. Most speak a different language. Some have lost their parents or are far from what they once called home. These are perhaps much more puzzled about what is right and good in the world than we are.

They are boys and girls now when we are. They will grow up, too; and when we are men and women, they will be working, too, for bread and a better life. Now is the time to begin to know them and understand them and care about them.

Stauffer photo



**COSTA RICA**—School children in the capital city of San Jose. Country's name means "rich coast."

## *With Us In Our World*

**CHILE**—A happy crowd in a southern Chile town.



**WEST GERMANY**—These boys live in a refugee camp at Gottingen.

Fritz Paul photo



**WEST GERMANY**—Young refugees at Junior Red Cross party.



**HUNGARY**—JRC member helps with chores in the classroom.

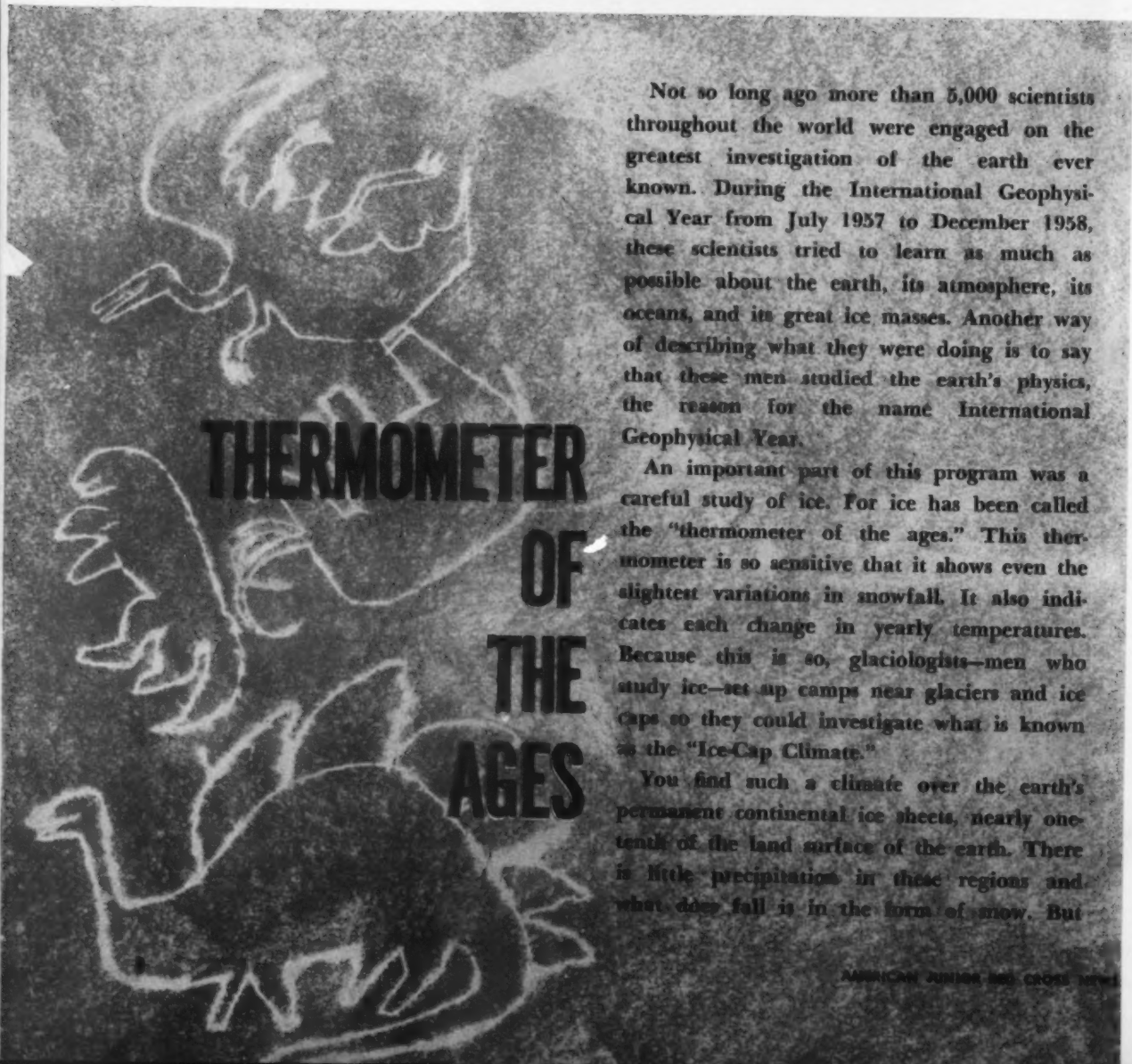
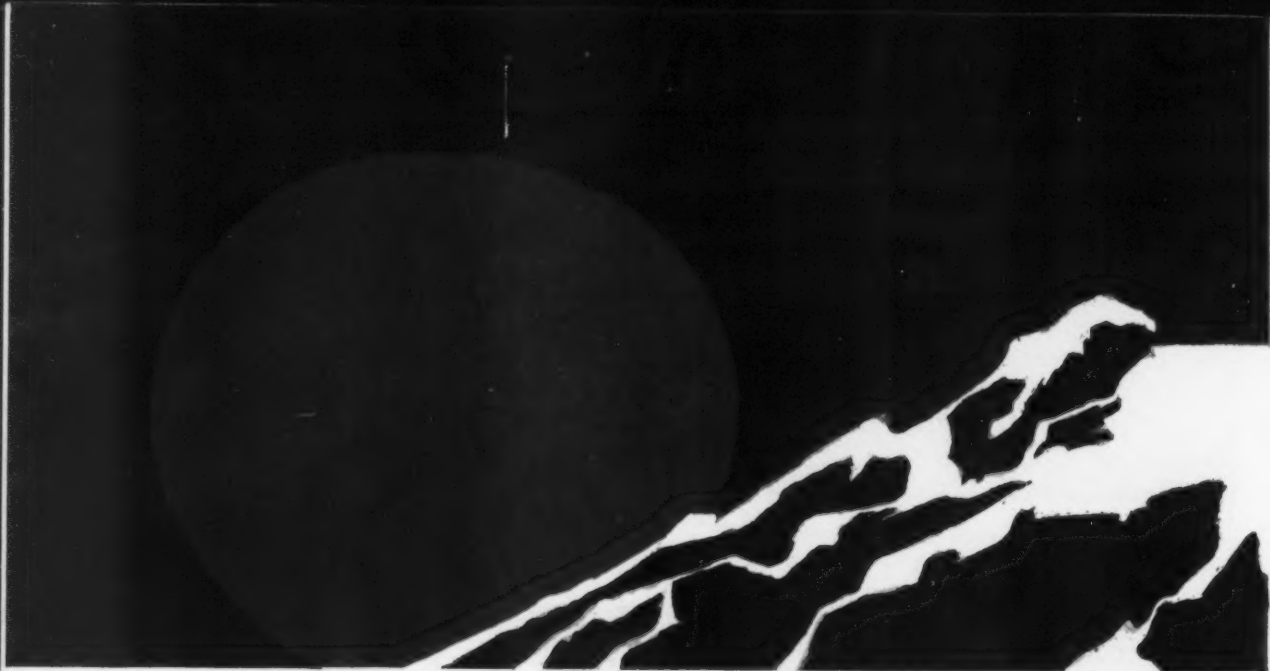


**DOMINICA, WEST INDIES**—Her island is 400 miles southeast of Puerto Rico.

**HONG KONG**—Refugee children at a home for orphans in Victoria.

South China Morning Post photo





## THERMOMETER OF THE AGES

Not so long ago more than 5,000 scientists throughout the world were engaged on the greatest investigation of the earth ever known. During the International Geophysical Year from July 1957 to December 1958, these scientists tried to learn as much as possible about the earth, its atmosphere, its oceans, and its great ice masses. Another way of describing what they were doing is to say that these men studied the earth's physics, the reason for the name International Geophysical Year.

An important part of this program was a careful study of ice. For ice has been called the "thermometer of the ages." This thermometer is so sensitive that it shows even the slightest variations in snowfall. It also indicates each change in yearly temperatures. Because this is so, glaciologists—men who study ice—set up camps near glaciers and ice caps so they could investigate what is known as the "Ice-Cap Climate."

You find such a climate over the earth's permanent continental ice sheets, nearly one-tenth of the land surface of the earth. There is little precipitation in these regions and what does fall is in the form of snow. But



By Will Barker

ILLUSTRATED BY R. J. HARRILL

most of this snow consists of dry, sandlike particles. This snow type has caused these regions to be known as "deserts of ice."

Two such deserts form the greatest ice masses on earth. One is the Greenland ice cap that accounts for 10 percent of the world's ice. A second is the sheet of the Antarctic, where there is 86 percent of all the ice on earth. The balance of the world's ice floats in the Arctic Ocean. This floating frozen cap is nearly 3,000,000 square miles in extent, or nearly as large as the United States.

During the IGY the geophysicists studied the ice in these three regions. They also studied glaciers on every continent, excepting

Australia (which has no glaciers). They discovered any number of frozen facts heretofore unknown.

The glaciologists in Greenland had some 660,000 square miles of ice to work with. Here they removed a core from the ice sheet. If you have ever cored an apple, you will have an idea of what these scientists did. The core they took was one quarter of a mile in length.

The reason for extracting all this ice is because a core is as informative as a text book. However, it is a book that has to be read backwards. In other words, you start with the present and "read" back in time as far as your core takes you.

In Antarctica the glaciologists and other specialists of IGY worked with 4,800,000 square miles of ice—an area two-thirds the size of North America. This region is fre-

These glaciologists are reading history. As they dig deeper, variations in ice hardness, grain size, dirt content, wetness tell them much about the weather when each layer formed.



quently referred to as a "weather factory," for a turbulent bowl of icy air hangs over the inland part of this continent. Every so often an icy chunk of this air detaches itself from the main mass and is carried away by high-altitude currents. The chunks travel such distances that temperatures throughout the world are affected. In the weather factory the ice reaches to a depth of two miles at some spots.

The glaciologist is not the only scientist who engages in the study of the Ice-Cap Climate. The oceanographer also makes a core. A sea-bottom core tells the story of climatic conditions of a region as far back as 150,000 years. The cores from the waters around

Antarctica indicate that ice did not come to this part of the world until 5,000 years ago.

The scientists of IGY learned that:

1. There is 40 percent more ice on earth than was estimated previously.
2. Since 1912 regions of Antarctica have become warmer by an average of  $5^{\circ}$ .
3. Temperatures on Spitzbergen in the Arctic Ocean have risen on an average of  $10^{\circ}$ .
4. Arctic ice is one-third less than it was 60 years ago.

A new theory has come from the IGY findings. As a result of analyzing deep-sea cores from the Atlantic and Arctic Ocean floors, scientists now believe that water levels and

Canadian Pacific Railway photo



Glacier flow. Graphically shown by Mt. Sir Donald Glacier in British Columbia.

**U.S. Geological Survey engineers weigh a snow core.**



currents in the two oceans have decisive influence on the coming and going of ice ages in the Northern Hemisphere. Here's the new theory in brief:

The Arctic, as everyone knows, is a cold ocean. The Atlantic Ocean is warmer than the Arctic. Between these two oceans, on the ocean floor, is a hump. This hump usually prevents warm Atlantic Ocean water from flowing into the Arctic Ocean when the level of the oceans is low. But as the glaciers and ice sheets on the continents melt, their water runs into the oceans and makes the water level rise. As this happens, more warm water from the Atlantic can flow over the bump into the Arctic Ocean.

The warm Atlantic Ocean water now causes the ice on the Arctic Ocean to melt. Water begins to evaporate from the ice-free Arctic Ocean. Clouds form over the Arctic, and the moisture in these clouds falls on the continents as snow. During hundreds of years the snow builds and packs. Eventually the

packed snow becomes glaciers and ice sheets.

Meanwhile, the ocean level has been falling because of the moisture that has left the ocean and become snow on land. Finally, the ocean-floor hump is again preventing warm Atlantic water from entering the Arctic Ocean.

At this point, the Arctic Ocean begins to freeze once more. With open-water evaporation over the Arctic cut off, no more snow is added to the continental ice sheets. With the Atlantic now much warmer than before (since its water is no longer mixing with colder Arctic water), weather manufactured by the Atlantic grows warmer. The ice sheets begin to melt. And the cycle begins all over.

Right now we seem to be living in a warm Atlantic interval. The ice surfaces of some Alaskan glaciers have fallen 200 feet. And it is estimated that glaciers throughout the world have lost 10 percent of their volume in one century—proof enough that ice is the thermometer of the ages.

★



ART BY  
TIM EVANS

## INTERESTING THINGS

### Junior Red Cross in Other Lands

In AUSTRIA, Junior Red Cross has a special home where children with diabetes spend a month's vacation every year. The home, in the town of Mariazell, provides medical care as well as fun for all of the 400 diabetic children in Austria.

In a small town in the German part of SWITZERLAND, Junior Red Cross members made and sold little cakes in the shape of hearts on which was written, "I have a heart for others, too." In 2 days they collected 87 Swiss francs (over \$20) which they gave to help children in the Congo.

Junior Red Cross members in AUSTRALIA are "adopting" child patients or orphans of parents who died from Kuru, a mysterious paralysis that has struck members of a tribe in Papua on the island of New Guinea. The Australian members send food and clothes regularly.

### Letter from Mississippi

Mrs. R. U. Bond, Chairman of Junior Red Cross in the Benton County Chapter, Ashland, Miss., has written to tell us about an unusual use of a NEWS cover.

Miss Jennie Mae Linebarger's fourth grade class at the Ashland Elementary School used an opaque projector to enlarge the cover picture on the December 1960 NEWS. The class then outlined the enlarged picture and colored it in. The pictures they made in this way were set up on either side of the class's Christmas tree.

### Letter from Katanga

The following letter is for all Junior Red Cross members who have helped make gift boxes. It comes from Mwele Jean Bosco, who lives in Elisabethville, Katanga, Congo. "Chers Amis,

What a surprise it was when I received a



little package from a country where I should prefer to go to continue my studies but the inhabitants of which are unaware of the existence of a little person like me.

You have lightened the cost of the school supplies with this box. I am even now unable to pay for them myself since the government has not subsidized our schools.

Imagine that a little man like me has to pay all that and add to it a teacher's fee that amounts to half the salary of my father for three weeks.

I thank you from the bottom of my heart. Hello to everyone."

#### **Gift Boxes for Experimental School**

A clipping we have received from the Southern Chautauqua County, N. Y., Chapter reports that Jamestown Junior Red Cross members recently completed a special project in which they packed 300 gift boxes for



an experimental school in Korea. The school is at Hoingsung Gun, Kangwon Do (Island), Korea.

#### **Mitten Mission**

Thirteen schools in the Springfield, Mass., area last winter provided warm mittens for children in state hospitals. Some of the mittens were unclaimed lost-and-found, others purchased from classroom contributions. The teacher-sponsor at Wilbraham Memorial Junior High put the project to work in a home economics class, which learned how to wash woolens and sew on buttons.

#### **Book of Stormy Day Ideas**

The book is written for teachers and other adults, and that is probably why it has the jaw-breaking title, *Inclement Weather Activities*. But it is chock-full of games and other activities that can be done inside when the weather's rough outside. Includes quiet, partly active, and active games, relays, progressive party games. Developed for teachers, recreation directors, and club leaders working with grades 1 to 8, the book is published by Arco Publishing Co., and sells for \$1.50.



# A CAJITA FOR ROSITA

By Alice Reel



ILLUSTRATED BY SIDNEY QUINN

**Pedro makes a gift for someone who had made him the gift of friendship.**

Sitting out in the warm sunlight, Pedro Lopez thought about the *cajita* (little box) he wanted to give Rosita at Christmas time. He had just finished his noon meal of soup, meat, rice, and a big banana. Now he was about to begin his noon *siesta*. But for a little while he wanted to think about the *cajita*. If only he could get Jose to start making it!

Christmas would soon be here. On the sixteenth of December the people of Colombia would begin the religious celebration. Friends were already calling "*Felices Pascuas*" (Merry Christmas) as they passed on the cobblestone streets of the village.

Pedro and his family lived on a large *hacienda* that was owned by big, stern Señor Luis Gonzales. The Señor raised cattle on the *llanos* (great plains) of Eastern Colombia, in South America. Pedro's papa and his older brother worked for the Señor. His Mama helped Señora Gonzales take care of the huge *casa* (house). It had many rooms and a big courtyard.

Pedro's family lived in a building near the *casa*. Sometimes he watched Papa at work

in the corral. Sometimes Mama sent him on errands for the Señora. If there was nothing else to do, there were always stray hens to shoo from the courtyard.

Pedro couldn't help being a bit envious of Jose, his twelve-year-old brother. With the Gonzales children, Jose attended school in the village. So did Magdalena, Pedro's older sister. But, somehow or other, no one ever got around to seeing that Pedro went to school. He wondered if it were because he was so little and short.

Whenever the Señora passed him in the courtyard, she would smile, pat his head, and murmur, "*Bueno niño*" (good little boy). Although Pedro often looked wistfully at the Señor, the rancher never seemed to notice him. Papa and Mama never mentioned school. Even though he was eight years old, Pedro knew that they still considered him their baby. Sometimes he wondered if they even knew how old he really was. When he mentioned school, Mama would say, "Next year, maybe." But next year, maybe, never seemed to come.

Considering everything, Pedro led a happy life at the *hacienda*. Rosita, the Señora's 10-



The hacienda where Pedro lived was on the great plains of Colombia.

year-old daughter, saw that he shared in the good times that were always going on when the children were home. If someone started a game in the courtyard, she would run to get him. If one of the cowboys drove to the village, she would ask Mama if Pedro could go along. Although she, too, acted as though he were a *bueno niño*, he didn't mind so much from her.

As Christmas approached, Pedro's heart was filled with a great longing to give Rosita a little gift. Seeing a little box in a store window one day, he decided that a *cajita* would be just the thing for her. She could use it for the rings, bracelets, and earrings she was so fond of wearing. Not having money to buy the box, he decided to ask his brother, Jose, to make one.

Nodding drowsily, Pedro found himself wishing that Jose would get started on the *cajita*. In exchange for certain chores that Pedro was to do for him, Jose had agreed to finish the little box by the day before Christmas. Although Pedro had faithfully performed the chores, Jose never seemed to find the time to work on the *cajita*. He was a gay boy, who loved to play the guitar and

dance at the fiestas. When Papa didn't need him, he rode around the hacienda with Manuel Gonzales, the Señor's son. But Jose was handy with tools, and Pedro knew that he could make a fine *cajita* for Rosita—if he ever got around to it.

"I will make your *cajita*," he would promise. "I have the wood all ready to start."

A week passed and the scraps of wood still lay on the bench in the shop where the Señor let Jose do his sawing and hammering.

Pedro sighed. He would have to remind his brother again. But keeping him in one place was like hanging on to one of the Señora's ducks!

He approached Jose that afternoon. "When will you make the *cajita*?" he asked. "Always you promise, but never do you start it."

Jose grinned down at him. "Oh, the *cajita*," he said carelessly. "Why, I can make that in a few hours."

"But when?"

"*Mañana*, maybe," replied Jose.

Four days before Christmas Pedro approached him again. To his surprise Jose went straight to the shop. Arranging his tools on the bench, he picked up some pieces of

wood and started to work. Hovering nearby, Pedro watched him happily. So the cajita would be ready for Rosita, after all. Jose's nimble fingers already had the parts ready to fit together.

But all too soon the excited face of Manuel appeared at the open window. "Come, Jose!" he cried. "The new ponies are in the corral."

Jose shot from the shed as though he had never seen a pony before. Looking mournfully after his flying figure, Pedro knew that his brother would not be back that day. Jose didn't mean to be unkind. He just didn't realize how much the cajita meant to Pedro.

When the day before Christmas arrived, the little box was still unfinished. Although Jose was willing enough to help the Señora erect a manger in the courtyard, he managed to avoid Pedro.

Going slowly toward the shop, Pedro entered and sat down on a stool. After a while

he picked up the unfinished cajita and studied it thoughtfully. Maybe he could finish it himself.

Although he tried very hard, his fingers just didn't seem to work the right way. Corners didn't fit and edges looked rough. How could making one little box be so difficult? How he wished he had asked his sister to make a sewing basket for Rosita!

After a few minutes he set the cajita on the bench and returned to the stool. It would be better to give Rosita nothing at all than to give her such a sad-looking gift. From the casa came the gay voices of the women and children getting ready for Christmas eve. If the cajita had been finished, he would have been in there with the others, chattering about the exciting things that were soon to happen.

At the sound of a hearty voice, Pedro gave a start of surprise. There, standing in the doorway, was Señor Gonzales himself!

**He picked up the unfinished cajita and studied it thoughtfully.**





"Now why would a niño be sitting alone on the day before Christmas?" he asked.

The kind look in his eyes made the Señor seem far less big and fierce than usual. Why, he looked almost like Papa!

"Tell me, Pedro, what troubles you," he said gently.

Pointing to the bench, Pedro told the Señor what he had hoped to do for Rosita.

"And were you going to make this cajita yourself?" asked the Señor.

Pedro shook his head. He didn't want to say anything unkind about Jose. But the Señor seemed to understand.

"My Rosita would like the cajita better if you made it yourself," he said. "Here are the pieces, there are the nails and glue."

"But, Señor," wailed Pedro. "I do not know how to make a cajita. The bottom drops out. The sides, they don't fit."

Señor Gonzales smiled. "What better thing can I do than to help a small boy make a cajita? Come to the bench, Pedro."

The Señor didn't seem to notice how awkwardly Pedro handled the tools. His strong hands were gentle as they guided him in putting the box together. As it began to look like a box, Pedro smiled and began to feel better. Why, anyone could learn how to build things with the Señor to show him!

"You are doing well," praised the Señor. "In a few years you will be learning some of this at school. What grade are you in now?"

Pedro hung his head. "I do not go to school," he replied.

"You do not go to school? Why not?" roared the Señor. Now he was the stern Señor again.

Pedro fidgeted, looked at the floor. "I am so small that I suppose . . ."

Again the Señor seemed to understand. "So," he said suddenly, "you do not go to school because no one has taken the trouble to see that you got there. I, too, am to blame for such carelessness. Well, you shall go when

## FIRST AID FACT No. 10



Rabies can be avoided. All your pet needs to protect him against rabies is a special injection that can be obtained inexpensively at the veterinarian's or animal clinic.

If you are bitten by a stray pet, wash the wound with soap and water, using a clean gauze pad. Then let water from the tap run over the wound.

Tell your parents or teacher *right away*, then go to the doctor or have someone take you to him. (Next month: *Poison plants*.)

the holidays are over. Will you like that, Pedro?"

"Si," said Pedro.

The Señor nodded. "Well, now we will varnish the box and it will be ready for Rosita this evening."

Pedro smiled happily. Everything had turned out in such a fine way. Soon he would be going to school with the other children. But right now it was hard to think of anything but the cajita he, himself, had made for Rosita.

"Gracias, Señor," he said softly.

★

# The Shining Tree



Christ-mas Tree, Our Christmas tree, Make it gay for you and me,  
Christ-mas Tree, Our Christmas tree, What a joy it's going to be,

Put on the spark-lers shining like snow, Give the tree a hol-i-day glow.  
Trim it with sil-ver, trim it with gold, Oh, what beauty we'll be-hold.

Of the pop-corn make a chain, Wrap the sweets in cell-o-phane,  
Place it in the win-dow light Where the sun shines on it bright,

And like ma-gic we shall see A love-ly, shin-ing Christmas tree.  
All our friends will thrill to see Our love-ly, shin-ing Christmas tree.

Words and music by  
BETH MILLIKEN JOERGER

ART BY JOE MORGAN

# HOW DECEMBER FEELS

## WINTER BIRDS

I hear some little birds  
 Calling far and near;  
 I wish I could see a bird,  
 I wish there were some here.  
 Now my little bird will go,  
 He will go far away  
 So he won't drown in the snow,  
 And he will sing all day.  
 So now he will go,  
 He will go far away,  
 He will go where there is no snow;  
 Then he can sing all day.

—Loretta Lee  
 Yocum School  
 El Dorado, Ark.

## WHY CAN'T?

I asked to use my skates;  
 The answer was, "No."  
 "Why can't I?"  
 I asked to go outside;  
 The answer was, "No."  
 "Why can't I?"  
 I asked if I can grow up soon;  
 The answer was, "No."  
 "Why can't I?"  
 I asked can I stay a child all my life?  
 The answer was, "No."  
 "Why can't I?"

—Bonnie Bellows  
 Ballantyne School  
 Rochester, N. Y.

## THE RAIN

The rain blows round  
 All over the town,  
 And when it blows  
 It has a musical sound  
 When the wind goes down.

—Kathleen Farley  
 Melbourne School  
 Hawaiian Gardens, Calif.

## SNOWFLAKES

Down  
 down  
 down  
 go  
 the snowflakes  
 twirling  
 down, landing  
 in my mouth, kissing  
 me on the cheek. Down  
 down  
 down  
 down



—Lynda Winsinger  
 Fuqua School  
 Terre Haute, Ind.





# Trouble in Santa's Workshop

By Mary Dana Rodriquez

ILLUSTRATED BY MARGARET APPICH

Bang! bang! bang! rat-atat-tat! and bzzz! bzzz! bzzz! went the noises in Santa's toy factory. All the workers were bustling around, busy as could be. All except one little elf, who stood leaning against the wall with his arms folded.

"Look at Tinker. He's on a sit-down strike," said one worker to another, as he helped him adjust the bubble on a space helmet.

"But he's standing up," said the second elf.

"Silly, what I mean is, he's not doing his job," said the first. "He's been idle all day."

Just then the door of the workshop flew open, and an icy North Pole wind swept in as Santa entered.

"How, now, my good workers!" Santa greeted everybody, swiftly closing the door behind him. "What would I ever do without your help! Boys and girls all over the world have been extra good this year and we have thousands of orders to fill."

Then with a big smile on his jolly face Santa made the rounds of the workshop.

When he came to the corner where Tinker stood, all the other elves shook in their tiny green boots with the turned-up toes. They knew that good-natured as Santa was, he would not stand for any one loafing on the job, especially so close to Christmas.

"Tinker," said Santa, "what is the matter? Are you ill?"

"No," said Tinker, "I'm not ill, I'm sick."

"Sick, not ill, what do you mean?" asked Santa.

"I'm sick," said Tinker, "sick and tired of making Teddy bears. I want to make something exciting like bicycles or space suits."

"But Tinker," said Santa, "you have been trained to make Teddy bears and you are one of the best Teddy bear put-togetherers I have ever had."

"But who needs Teddy bears!" said Tinker.

"I should be angry at you," declared Santa. "However, you have been a fine worker for many years, so I will forgive you. This evening I want you to come with me when I





"I'm sick and tired of making Teddy bears."

make my rounds to check if the children are in their beds, and I will show you something."

So, many hours later, Tinker was seated beside Santa in his cozy sleigh drawn by eight reindeer.

The moon glistened like a giant Christmas tree ornament in the sky as the sleigh sped down, down to the roof-tops and lower still.

Santa and Tinker peeked in garages and on back porches.

"See all the tricycles, sleds, and doll buggies stacked along the walls," said Tinker. "Those are the toys children want."

"They've put them away for the night," said Santa.

Then the two looked in the bedroom windows.

"See the cowboy boots under the beds and the Indian outfits and space suits folded on the chairs," said the elf.

"Children have no use for them asleep,"

said Santa. "And now, Tinker, I want you to look closely at the children in their beds and tell me what you see."

Tinker peered hard through the windows. All at once his heart gave a leap, for nestled tenderly in the arms of most of the little boys and girls, he saw, were their Teddy bears!

"You see, Tinker, it isn't their automobiles, doll-buggies, or rocket guns the children take to bed; no, it is their Teddy bears. That's the toy they love all day and that gives them comfort through the night."

Bang! bang! bang! rat-atat-tat! bzzz! buzzz! bzzz! went the noises in Santa's toy factory the next day. And who do you think was the busiest elf in the whole place? It was Tinker, the Teddy bear maker. He understood now that everyone must do the job that he can do best and that everybody's job is important.

And from then on there was no more trouble in Santa's workshop. ★



**THE GREATEST  
GIFTS . . .  
Myself and  
What I  
Have Made**

WELLESLEY, MASS.—Katherine Lee Bates School members with work.



TULSA, OKLA.—Sam Houston School members filling up toy box for children overseas.

Tulsa Daily World photo





**ORLANDO, FLA.**—Junior Red Cross director and Kaley School members John Tidd, Debbie Bass, Lynn Darrden, Danny McCann admire tray favors.

Spring Studio photo



**AURORA, ILL.**—Lincoln School members recording for their international school music album.



**JACKSON, TENN.**—Carol Hale of Whitehall School, Kay Lifsey, Spring Creek School, make Christmas stockings for naval hospital patients in Memphis.



**COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO.**—Jim Kech, Skyway School, brings Mrs. Anna Webb a decoration to brighten her Christmas.



**WARREN, MAINE**—Gerald Maxcy and David Cousens show candleholder favors made at their school.

By Jeanne Hines

# The Christmas Kitten



**A boy whose birthday comes on Christmas Day has to work twice as hard for his presents.**

Ever since he could remember, nine-year-old Jed McCurdy had wanted a dog. But always there had been some reason why he couldn't have one.

First, there was the city apartment. Mom said it was too small for a dog. Then Dad got a job with an engineering firm and they were moving all the time: New Orleans, Los Angeles, Dallas—once even to South America. Mom said she just couldn't see taking care of a small boy and dog, too, on ships and trains.

But now that they had gone back to the small town where Mom was born, now that they lived in a roomy white frame house just off Main Street—surely now there could be no reason for Jed not to have his wish.

"Just any dog," he pleaded earnestly with

Mom on the day they moved in. "I'll take care of him and . . ."

"Hush," Mom said. "Let me get this house straightened out first. Why don't you ask Santa about it?"



So he had. And since Christmas and his birthday fell on the same day, he had suggested a dog as his birthday present, too. Maybe, he had pointed out, a little bigger dog would serve for both occasions?

Sometimes he would go out to the farm that belonged to Uncle Fred, Mom's brother, and play with Old Kate, Uncle Fred's collie, and Old Marthe, Uncle Fred's striped tabby cat. It was fun romping with Old Kate, but it wasn't the same as having your very own dog. You'd think Mom would understand that.

As Christmas got near, he buckled down to concentrated hoping. Especially when Uncle Fred grinned at him and said, "Well, Jed, what do you want for Christmas?"

"A dog," Jed stated.

"Well, how about for your birthday? Since they happen to fall on the same day?"

"A dog," Jed repeated stubbornly.

"Nellie," Uncle Fred turned to Mom with a grin, "you've got a broken record here. This boy's in a rut."

Jed glared at Uncle Fred. Always teasing!

Mom smiled. "You two boys want some cake?" she asked. "Chocolate." And that was the end of the dog talk for the day.

And then pretty soon they were decorating the tree, a spicy-smelling cedar from Uncle Fred's farm that they cut down themselves and hauled back in the trunk of the car. And Mom dug through Uncle Fred's attic until she found an old box of Christmas ornaments they had used when she was a girl. She cried a little over the Christmas angel that Dad hung to the top of the tree, and when Jed asked why she was crying, she just hugged him and said someday he'd understand.

On Christmas Eve, to make everything perfect, it snowed a little. The wind came along later that night and blew most of the snow right off the trees, but you could still claim it was a white Christmas, and Uncle Fred said if the cold hung on, the ice on the farm pond would be thick enough for skat-

ing. Boy, Jed hoped that cold hung on! He thumped his hands together and blew his frosted breath into the air and just wished that old cold would hang on. He'd never been skating.

Then it was Christmas morning!

Jed almost fell as he tore downstairs and saw underneath the tree the chemistry set he'd wanted all year. And a book about camping. And a ball and bat and a catcher's mitt. Boy!

But no dog.

"Merry Christmas!" Mom hugged him. "Now you and Dad eat breakfast before Uncle Fred gets here. We're having Christmas dinner at the farm with him and Aunt Constance." She smiled mysteriously over Jed's head at Dad, and Dad smiled back.

Suddenly Jed guessed what the secret was. Uncle Fred was bringing him a dog. Old Kate, the collie, must have had pups. Why, sure!

He almost overturned his chair when Uncle Fred arrived with a booming "Merry Christmas," an armful of presents, and a mysterious basket under his arm.

"Not to keep you in suspense, Jed, this is for you." Uncle Fred opened the basket and there was the prettiest little kitten Jed had ever seen. It was white and long-haired with just a suggestion of stripes on its fluffy paws, and it opened its little pink mouth and yawned at Jed.

"Oh," said Jed, "gee, thanks! A kitten!" And then because he'd wanted a dog so much, he said, bewildered, "I sort of thought it would be a puppy."

"Jed!" Mom reproved him.

"Nope," said Fred. "Old Marthe didn't have anything but kittens. Not a puppy in the litter!" And he howled with laughter.

"This was the prettiest kitten in the litter," Mom said quickly. "You'll have to feed it well and take good care of it, Jed."

Gingerly, Jed picked up the small kitten. It stuck its tiny cactus claws into his sweater



## THE CHRISTMAS KITTEN . . .

Continued

and mewed. Kittens were fine, they were just fine, only . . .

Mom was putting on her coat. "Jed, we're going to take Aunt Betty some fruitcake. The doctor said she was a little better today, but you'd better stay here; children always excite her. We'll be right back!"

So Jed was left alone with the kitten. He stared at it. The kitten rolled over once, and then started for the door. It scratched and carried on.

Jed called to it, but it ignored him. Just as if it didn't know it was his kitten. All of a sudden disappointment swept over him. "All right, you want to go out—go out." He opened the door and the kitten tumbled out onto the snowy doorstep. "I don't care what happens to you!" He shut the door and told himself he wasn't going to cry. He'd gotten along this long without a dog, hadn't he?

He picked up the book on camping and thought guiltily of the kitten. Such a *little* kitten out in a big strange snowy world. He closed the book with a snap and ran outside.

"Here, kitty, kitty!" he called anxiously.

And then he saw it. About six feet over his head, clinging to a tree branch, mewing its heart out.

"How'd you get up there?" Jed demanded, worried. "Come on down."

The kitten looked down at the ground, dozens of kitten-miles below, and clung to the branch and wailed.

Jed considered the tree's slender trunk; if he climbed it, he would surely shake the kitten off the branch. But wait! Weighted



ILLUSTRATED BY ANN ESHNER

down with snow, the long branch dipped downward at the end; now if he could just jump high enough to catch that end without dislodging the shivering kitten—!

"Hang on!" he told the kitten grimly and leaped for the branch. On his second try he caught it and snow fell in his face as, balanced on tiptoe, he gently eased the branch downward. The kitten stared down the terrifying incline.

"Here, kitty, kitty," Jed said, as gently as he could.

The kitten cautiously put out one paw—and then another. Jed encouraged gently. Slowly, the kitten moved down the branch. Half-way down, it slipped and with a loud wail and all claws out, landed in Jed's collar. He was still trying to detach it when Mom and Dad and Uncle Fred appeared.

"You put her outside in this cold! A little baby kitten like that!" Mom gasped. She cuddled the kitten.

Jed wanted to explain, but Uncle Fred boomed "It's time we left for the farm!" He and Dad kept up a running talk about other Christmases in other places all the way to the farm. Mom kept the kitten firmly in her arms.

"Well, *here* you are!" Aunt Constance met them at the doorway of the big farm kitchen, and Jed could smell turkey cooking and hot biscuits, and over on a wooden table he could see plum pudding and fruitcake. "I see you brought the kitten. The kitten's your Christmas present, Jed, and now—" Jed looked around and saw that everyone was beaming "—we have a birthday present for you." She led him into the living room, where Old Kate, the collie, was curled up in a big clothes basket with four of the prettiest puppies Jed had ever seen.

"You can take your pick," said Aunt Constance.

"Gee, puppies," marveled Jed.

"Yep," said Uncle Fred. "Nothing but puppies. Old Kate didn't have a kitten in the lot." He howled with laughter again, and this time Jed laughed, too.

He picked the prettiest pup of all, a fluffy little yellow one. "Happy?" Mom asked fondly. Jed nodded. He'd never been so happy.

"Poor little kitty," Mom said regretfully, stroking the pretty kitten in her lap. "I guess we'll have to name her 'Second Best' now

that you have the puppy. That is, if you want to keep the kitten at all." She looked sideways at Jed.

Not keep her! Indignantly Jed scooped the kitten off Mom's lap and held her close; the kitten purred delightedly.

"Of course, I want her! She's the very prettiest kitten I ever saw."

"What are you going to name them, boy?" said Uncle Fred. "Got to have the right names for cats and dogs, you know. Can't go around confusing them with people!"

"Fred, stop teasing him," laughed Mom.

Jed thought a minute. Christmas—his birthday; the most wonderful Christmas he'd ever had. "I'm going to call the puppy "Santa" and the kitten "Claus" he decided. He thought that was very funny, and he laughed hard.

"Well, what do you know," Mom grinned at Uncle Fred. "Another comic in the family! If that ice ever gets thick enough, Jed, you can use our birthday present to you—a pair of ice skates!"

★

## COMING . . .

in your January NEWS

A story about a Sicilian fisherman whose neighbors were greedy for what he had.

The story of the Spanish holiday that celebrates an event of importance to Americans.

Pictures of what Junior Red Cross members are doing in service for others.

Pictures of your friends in the South Pacific and South Asia.

A story about California gold rush towns.





